

*American Junior Red Cross*  
**NEWS**  
OCTOBER • 1954



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**YOUNG CITIZENS**

**are helpful**

**The 1954-55 NEWS**

"Young Citizens" can prove their good citizenship in many different ways. The NEWS each month will suggest one special way for you to think about. The whole year's magazine plan looks like this:

OCTOBER—*Young Citizens are helpful*

NOVEMBER—*Young Citizens are thankful*

DECEMBER—*Young Citizens are thoughtful*

FEBRUARY—*Young Citizens play safe*

MARCH—*Young Citizens serve others*

APRIL—*Young Citizens keep learning*

MAY—*Young Citizens have good times*

**Something for You to Do**

How would your class like to make up your own code of conduct for good school citizens? When you have talked it over in your class and have decided what you want to include, then write your code out carefully. Put it on your bulletin board and try every day to live up to what it says. For an idea of how one school wrote its code, turn to page 15.

**On the Page Opposite**

Pictures on this page show you ways in which Junior Red Cross members are helpful citizens. They first begin by enrolling for service. Then they work with their classmates to help others.

**Our Cover**

Columbus Day is observed on October 12 in schools all across our land. Our cover drawing was made by Janice Holland to honor Christopher Columbus. The story on pages 12-14 tells you about Columbus. You may want to read it aloud to the class if you are planning a program for Columbus Day.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, *editor*.



1955 American Junior Red Cross poster is displayed by John Cobb and Arlene Golden, second graders, Beers Elementary School, Washington, D. C.



Planning JRC assembly, LaGrange, Ga.



Enrolling in JRC, Emeryville, Calif.

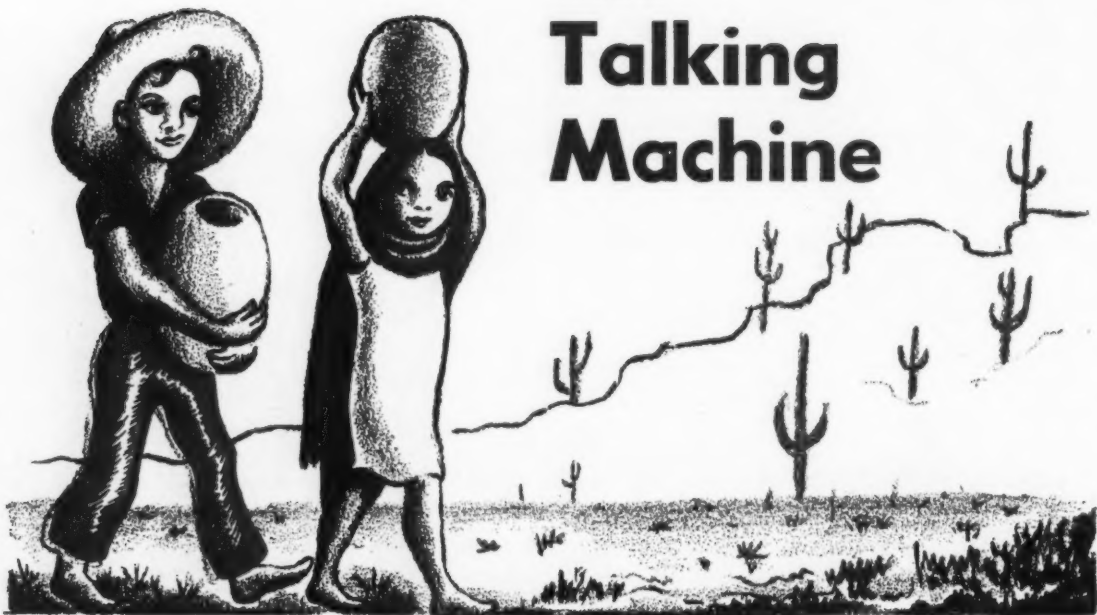


Knitting for shut-ins, Little Rock, Ark.



Painting exhibit for PTA, Ceredo, W. Va.

# The Talking Machine



**Story of a Papago Indian boy and girl  
and of their adventures with a burro  
that plays tricks. . . .**

**By CATHERINE BLANTON**

**Illustrated by Connie Turner**

**M**ORNING was just beginning, but already every Papago of Santa Rita village was up and stirring about. Smoke from the cooking fires rose lazily into the air. Today was the annual gathering of the saguaro fruit.

In the ramada of the Gonzales family Lupita was setting out the things they would need to take with them. Pablo, her brother, saw that the poles were in readiness.

"Our father says there is much fruit this year," said Lupita.

Pablo nodded. "That means there will be many seeds to sell."

Lupita's eyes brightened. "Then you think we may have enough money to buy the talking machine?"

"Perhaps." Her brother grinned. "But not unless you stop talking. You have yet to bring the water for our mother and I must

go along to fill the olla for the Old One."

He handed her a round, clay jar and she put it on her head. But Pablo carried his in his arms.

Their mother looked up from the pot she was stirring. "Do not stop to visit at the well, for we will eat when you return."

"Do not worry, my mother," replied Pablo. "No one will have time for talk today. Only my little sister. It is always she must talk."

But already Lupita had disappeared through the mesquites. When she heard Pablo's footsteps behind her, she turned. "Do you think the man from the Big School will really buy the saguaro seeds?" she asked.

Pablo shrugged. "That is what the trader at the store said. It seems that the white people are studying the seeds."

Lupita went on as if talking to herself. "For long years our people have depended



**SPANISH WORDS IN THE STORY**

- Papago**—Indian of a Piman tribe  
**saguaro**—Cactus tree bearing edible fruit  
**ramada**—Arbor  
**olla**—Clay jar  
**mesquite**—Spiny tree or shrub  
**tortilla**—Thin flat cake
- 

upon the saguaro. It makes our jam, the drink for the rain dances, and medicine . . ."

"And flour from its ground seeds," added Pablo. "But this year our seeds will go to buy the talking machine."

Lupita gave a skip, almost upsetting her olla. "We have been saving for it so long."

Pablo said, "Can you not walk but a bit faster? Remember, I must help the Old One before we go."

Her black eyes snapped. "I do not think the son of the Old One should have gone to the city and left him."

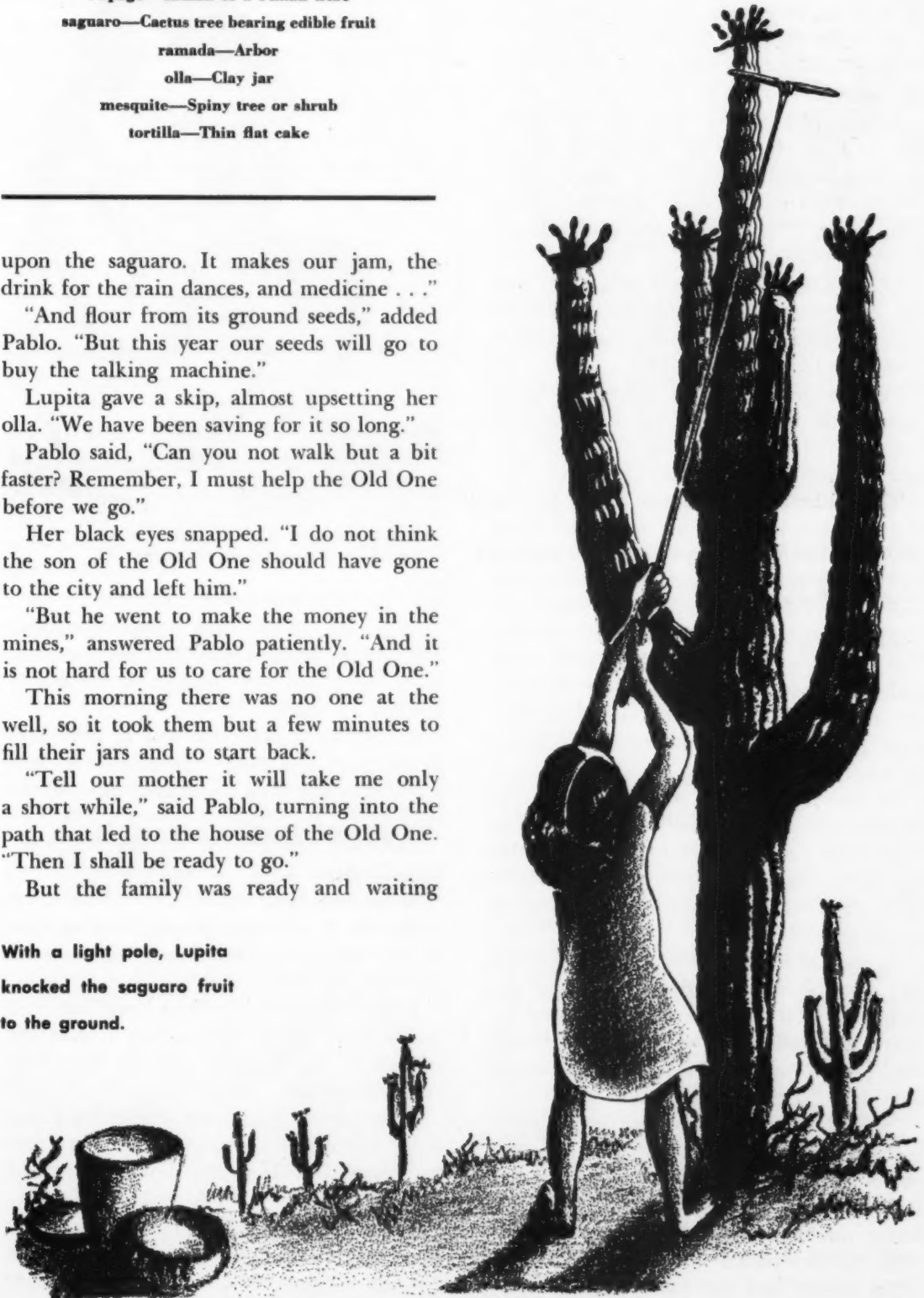
"But he went to make the money in the mines," answered Pablo patiently. "And it is not hard for us to care for the Old One."

This morning there was no one at the well, so it took them but a few minutes to fill their jars and to start back.

"Tell our mother it will take me only a short while," said Pablo, turning into the path that led to the house of the Old One. "Then I shall be ready to go."

But the family was ready and waiting

**With a light pole, Lupita  
knocked the saguaro fruit  
to the ground.**



when he finally came in. "The Old One has decided to go, too," he said, picking up a tortilla and stuffing it into his mouth.

"But his legs are not equal to it," said his father.

Pablo smiled. "The Old One has taken care of that. He had me put the bridle on his Negrito and already they have started."

"Then we must follow after him," said his mother. "There never was such a burro for tricks."

"Yes," cried Lupita, scowling. "Do you not remember how he stole the fruit from Maria's basket last year. Oh dear, if something should happen to ours."

Pablo stepped back to her side. "Never mind, little sister, I, too, do not trust that Negrito. All day I shall stay close by his side and see that he gets into no mischief."

The gathering of the saguaro fruit was always a time of merrymaking for the Papagos, and today there was much laughing and talking as they crossed the narrow valley and started climbing the low foothills.

The going became rougher and the mesquite and greasewood gave way to the tall and stately saguaros. With their huge uplifted arms, some of them stood 50 and 60 feet high. And on the top of each was a cluster of bright red fruit.

It was the women and the girls who knocked the fruit down. With light poles, made from a dried saguaro rib and a shorter bar across the top, they knew just how to catch the fruit and make it come hurtling to the ground.

As soon as it had fallen, it was picked up and the soft meaty pulp was worked out from the shell and put into their buckets. Then the shells were carefully placed with the open side up, for this, it was said, would help to bring the summer rains.

"You do it better every year, little sister," said Pablo. "Here, if you will loan me your pole I will see how well I can do it."

But Lupita shook her head. "No, it is better that you watch that Negrito."

So the day passed uneventfully.

No sooner had the family gotten home



**When she saw what the mischievous burro had done, Lupita began to cry and sob.**

than Lupita and her mother began preparing the pulp for its many uses. The tiny, pinpoint seeds were strained through a handmade strainer of yucca.

"I will fix a place for you to dry them in the sun," said Pablo. "It should take but a few days and then I will take them to the trader."

"And we can get the talking machine," sang Lupita.

Some time later Pablo said, "Little sister, tomorrow I will get up early and as soon as I've helped the Old One I will take the seeds to the store."

Lupita opened her lips to reply, but suddenly closed them. For coming around the corner of the ramada was the Old One riding Negrito.

"My father," exclaimed Pablo, "did you think I was not coming? It was only that my sister and I were talking about the seeds."

The Old One slid off the burro's back and came over to sit in the shade of the ramada. No one noticed when Negrito turned away

in the direction of the drying seeds.

"I came that you might write a letter to my son," said the Old One. "I brought the Negrito that you might ride him to the store to mail it."

"We were only now talking of going to the store," replied Pablo, scratching his head. "Today will do as well as tomorrow. Eh, little sister?"

Lupita jumped to her feet. "Oh, yes, my brother. I will get the seeds ready now."

He held up his hand. "First, help me find my tablet and pencil."

It was finally their mother who had to be called in from the garden to find the tablet and pencil.

But Pablo did not spell well, so it took both him and Lupita to write the letter.

When it was finished, she hurried away to get the seeds. At her screaming they all came running. They did not need to ask what was the matter. Negrito had licked up the saguaro seeds.

"But is it so bad?" said the Old One. "There will be more next year."

Then Pablo explained about buying the talking machine.

The Old One looked at Lupita's shaking shoulders. "I am sorry," he said. "I should

never have let that animal from my sight."

"No," replied Mrs. Gonzales. "The children should have remembered to watch him."

It was midafternoon when Pablo returned from the store. He waved an envelope towards the Old One. "It was at the store."

The Old One shook his head. "No, my child, you must read it for me."

When Pablo opened the envelope a \$10 bill fell out. The old man picked it up and looked at it carefully. "My son does well," he said. Then he shook his head. "But I do not need the money."

"It will buy many things," exclaimed Lupita.

Suddenly the Old One chuckled. "Would it buy a talking machine?"

"Talking machine!" they cried.

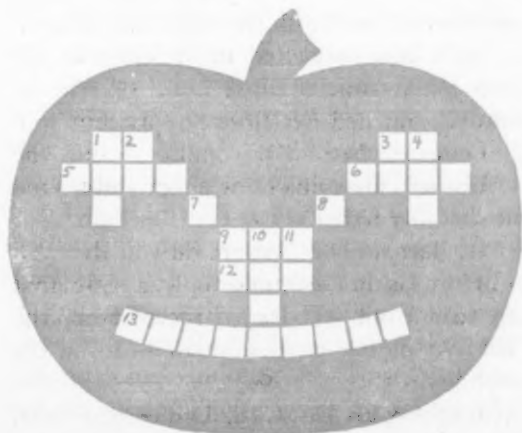
The Old One tossed the bill into Lupita's lap. "My son will send me more," he said proudly.

Slowly he got to his feet and reached for the reins. "Tomorrow I will come to hear the talking machine," he said as he mounted.

Pablo grinned down at Lupita. "It seems I will have to go to the store again tomorrow. Yes, little sister?"

But this time Lupita was too happy to say anything at all!

## Jack - o - lantern Puzzle *by Ellen E. Morrison*



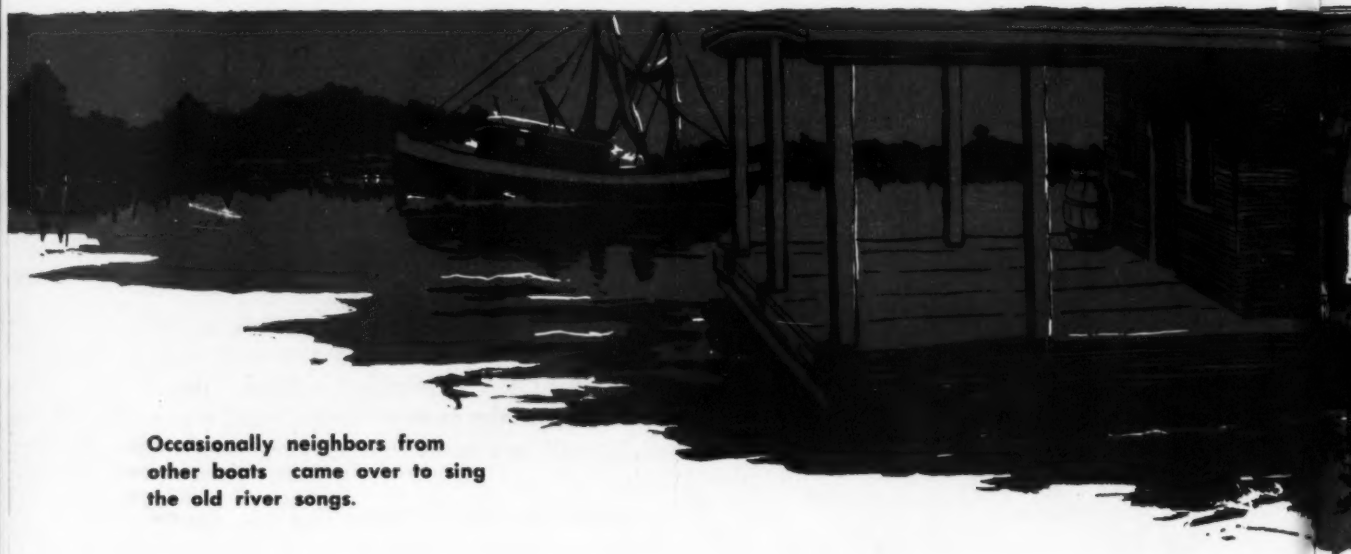
*Answers on page 25*

### ACROSS

- ( 1.) Toward
- ( 3.) Belonging to me
- ( 5.) A straight row
- ( 6.) Necessity
- ( 7.) Only one
- ( 8.) Me
- ( 9.) Her
- (12.) Possessed
- (13.) Time when jack-o-lanterns are used

### DOWN

- ( 1.) A metal
- ( 2.) Upon
- ( 3.) Myself
- ( 4.) Word of agreement
- ( 9.) Sound, meaning "Quiet!"
- (10.) The circle above the head of an angel or holy person
- (11.) A boy's nickname



Occasionally neighbors from other boats came over to sing the old river songs.

# Little Len's Discovery

By ALICE REEL

Illustrated by William Riley

Story of a shantyboat boy  
and of his "land turtle"  
friends . . .

WHEN he entered the fifth-grade room of the Cypress Bend School, Little Len saw a broad-shouldered young man sitting at the desk.

The boy's thin face brightened. A man teacher, at last! Surely he wouldn't try to correct a child's grammar, cram multiplication tables down his throat, and discourage an occasional fight!

"Will the new pupil come up to the desk, please?" the teacher asked pleasantly. "I am Mr. Barr. I'll take your name and address now and we can finish the registration later."

Little Len swaggered to the front of the room. "My name is Little Len," he said defiantly.

"Leonard what?"

"Leonard Bascomb—but nobody ever calls me that. My father is Big Len Bascomb."

Mr. Barr smiled. "Where do you live?"

Before Little Len could reply, a red-haired boy in a front seat leaned forward eagerly. "He lives on one of those shantyboats on the river."

Clenching his fists, Little Len turned. "Yes, I do. I live on **The Princess**. Want to make





something out of it, you old land turtle?"

"Of course, he doesn't," the teacher said quickly. "So you live on a river boat on the Mississippi. That's very interesting, Little Len. You see, I spent a whole summer on a fishing boat off Southern California. Sometime I'll tell you about my adventure with a yellowtail."

In his astonishment Little Len's mouth fell open. From that moment on Mr. Barr was his hero. If the teacher had asked him to stand on his head right then and there, he would willingly have done it.

"Take one of those vacant back seats," said Mr. Barr. "We're going to like you and we hope you'll like us."

That was the beginning of the most wonderful year Little Len had ever had. Up to this time he had always opposed Big Len's efforts to keep him in school.

"You're not going to be like your pop, spending your whole life tinkering with motors and doing odd jobs on the river," Big Len had declared. "You're going to school if I have to take you there every day."

But now Big Len no longer had to keep after him. Every morning he scrubbed his face and hands and set out willingly for the brick building in the middle of town. He didn't even grumble when Ma suggested that he change overalls. There was something about Mr. Barr that made a fellow want to look neat and clean.

Fractions turned out to be interesting and English wasn't *too* bad. Little Len began to take pride in getting 100 in spelling. And one day the teacher held his arithmetic paper up for all the class to see!

Mr. Barr discouraged fighting. "There are other ways to settle your differences," he explained.

He had a way of smiling at Little Len's clenched fists and belligerent face that made the boy feel silly. Yet the teacher was far from being a sissy!

Although school was no longer a bugaboo, Little Len still had **THE LONGING**. He wanted a friend from among the "land turtles," a pal who would scuffle with him good-naturedly and ask him home after school.

## LITTLE LEN'S DISCOVERY

None of the town boys would want to visit the shantyboat, of course. Little Len didn't expect that. But he did wish he had a friend at school. He wished that friend were Michael Maloney, the red-haired boy who sat in the front seat. Michael paid more attention to him than any of the other boys. But even that wasn't very much.

Because he cared so very much, Little Len pretended that he didn't care. There was a constant scowl on his face and his brown eyes became dark and challenging.

One day Mr. Barr kept him in at recess. "You don't seem happy," he began. "Something bothering you, Little Len?"

"The boys don't like me," Little Len muttered.

"You don't give them a chance. To get friends, a fellow has to be friendly. You carry a chip on your shoulder. Do you know what that means?"

Little Len nodded. "Yes, I know."

"Well, I think if you were to do your part, the boys would meet you more than halfway. You don't give them a chance to know you."

As he thought it over, Little Len decided that Mr. Barr might be right. Maybe he hadn't done his part. So that noon he went over to Michael and asked to see his new fountain pen.

Michael turned to him eagerly. "Say, do you have beds in your shantyboat?" he asked.

Little Len bristled. "Of course. What do you think we sleep on—hay?" he snapped. "Besides, what's it to you?"

Michael made no reply. Returning Little Len's scowl, he walked over to join a group of boys.

Little Len looked after him scornfully. Well, that was that! He had tried, but it wasn't any use. Michael was curious about the shantyboat and that was all. He had no friendship to offer.

The shantyboat was neat and clean. Ma had bought a spread with a cowboy design for his bed. She was always doing something to make the little cabin cheerful and homey.

Little Len was glad he had Big Len and Ma, who tried to make up for the friends he didn't have. Every evening they would sit outside the cabin, watching the lights on the river. Sometimes Little Len played his harmonica. The Bascomb family loved the old river songs that folks in shantyboats had sung for years and years. Occasionally neighbors from other boats came over to hear M'sieu Banjo and The Groundhog.

Then one day Mr. Barr broke the school routine by announcing that the 5th-grade children were going to give a program for their parents. "It will be like a talent show," he said. "We'll have auditions tomorrow. If you can sing, dance, or play an instrument, prepare to do it tomorrow."

The auditions were such a success that the teacher beamed at his pupils. "I had no idea that you were such a talented group," he declared. "Your parents are going to be proud of you."

Little Len looked enviously at Michael, who had played a violin. Once again he was out of things. Not for anything would he get up and play his harmonica. Not after all the



Little Len played  
song after song.

fine instruments he had seen that afternoon!

"Can't you do something for us, Little Len?" asked Mr. Barr.

Little Len shook his head. "Nope," he said briefly.

The next week the children wrote notes inviting their parents to the talent show. It was part of the English assignment. The show was to be on Friday, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Barr talked to Little Len after school on Thursday. "I want your folks to be sure to come tomorrow night," he said.

"They never go to any school programs."

"Well, you deliver that note, anyway," smiled the teacher.

To Little Len's surprise his parents decided to go to the talent show. "I want to get a look at that teacher of yours," grinned Big Len.

"I'm glad I got that new outfit in Little Rock," Ma chuckled. "It looks right nice on me."

Big Len studied the invitation. "What are you going to do at the show?" he asked. "Play your harmonica?"

"Oh, no, I just couldn't!"

"Why not? There will be people there who will enjoy the old river songs."

On Friday evening he insisted that Little Len take the harmonica. "Just in case," he said, winking at Ma.

Big Len and Ma looked real nice. Big Len swung down the river banks as though he owned the whole of Arkansas and the Mississippi, too.

Mr. Barr winced when Big Len shook his hand, but he smiled right afterward. And he took time, right then and there, to talk to the Bascombs and introduce them to other people.

Never was there such a program. Watching his classmates perform, a feeling of pride rose in Little Len. This was his room, putting on such a fine show. Big Len clapped too loud, but nobody seemed to mind.

After he had announced the last number, Mr. Barr smiled down at the audience. "It's still early. How about some volunteer numbers?"

Then Big Len nudged Little Len until he

nearly fell out of his seat. "Get up there and play that harmonica," he ordered, speaking loud enough for everyone to hear.

As Little Len knew that his father was capable of dragging him to the front of the room, he rose reluctantly and faced the crowd.

Keeping his eyes fixed on the red buttons on Ma's dress, he started to play **The Groundhog Song**. If he had to do it at all, he might just as well play the piece he liked the best.

The children and their parents clapped so hard that Little Len felt bewildered. He wanted to bolt right out the door and run straight to the shantyboat. But Mr. Barr came to stand beside him and put a hand on his shoulder. "How about **M'sieu Banjo**?" he asked.

"How about **Old Man River**?" said a man from the audience.

With Big Len's proud eyes on him, Little Len played song after song. After a while his fright wore off and he played as he had for the shanty folk.

Finally the teacher stopped the requests and said that Little Len had more than done his part. Then they all sang **The Star Spangled Banner** and the program was over.

As he walked toward his parents, Little Len felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Michael behind him. His eyes were shining.

"I sure liked your playing," he said. "Say, I think I could pick up those pieces on my violin if I heard them again."

Little Len took a deep breath and plunged in. "How about coming home with me some night after school?" he asked. "We could practice on the shantyboat."

Michael nodded. "That would be fine. I'll come Monday night. I always did want to see a shantyboat. You're lucky, Little Len. I wish I lived on one."

Little Len looked at him unbelievably. So it was as simple as that! Mr. Barr was right. You had to act friendly to get friends. Michael hadn't been making fun of the shantyboat; he had really wanted to know about it.

Now Little Len had a "land turtle friend." "See you Monday," he said jauntily.



# The *first* Columbus Day

BY ALBERTA POWELL GRAHAM

Illustrated by Janice Holland

**E**ARLY on a Friday morning, August 3, 1492, Admiral Christopher Columbus and his men set sail from Palos, Spain, in their three small ships. They were starting on a voyage of discovery into an unknown sea.

The Santa Maria, the largest of the vessels, was the flagship. The admiral and 40 men were aboard. Martin Pinzon, the captain of the Pinta, had 26 men. The little Nina with Vicente Yanez Pinzon in command carried 24 men.

Columbus first headed his little fleet south towards the Canary Islands. From there, he planned to sail straight west over the Ocean Sea to where he hoped to find the Indies.

Four days after he started, the big rudder of the Pinta slipped out of its place, but

Captain Pinzon quickly repaired it. It broke loose again the very next day, and in addition, the Pinta sprang a leak.

Captain Pinzon then had to leave the two other ships and sailed to Las Palmas on the Grand Canary Island to have his ship repaired. Columbus with the Santa Maria and the Nina went on to the Island of Gomera. There they took on meat, wood, water, and other supplies.

At last the repairs on the Pinta were completed and Captain Pinzon was able to rejoin the others. On September 6, the three ships were finally on their way.

As they sailed slowly by the Island of Tenerife the men were thrown into a great fright. What met their eyes but smoke and fiery flames shooting high up above the



mountain! Rocks and lava were pouring down the mountainside. To add to their horror the earth began to shake and tremble.

The sailors now were wild with fear. They fell on their knees frantically and called on God to save them. Then they pleaded with Columbus and their captains to take them back home to Spain.

But Columbus and the Pinzon brothers had heard of earthquakes and had seen volcanoes in action. They explained to their men that the fires they saw came from a volcano deep down in the island, and that this great heat was causing the rocks to break and the earth to shake. When the men saw that their captains were not afraid, they became calmer, and Columbus sailed fearlessly on his way.

By the morning of September 10, the fleet was alone on the wide open sea. Most of the men were out of sight of land for the first time in their lives. Every day they grew more afraid of the unknown waters, and were more anxious to turn homeward.

Columbus came out of his cabin one night just in time to see the steersman trying to turn the ship around. He took the wheel away from him and guided the vessel back on its western course. Every night after that, Columbus had a close watch kept on the steersman.

One night soon after, a flaming meteor whirled across the sky. It fell hissing into the sea not far from the fleet. The sailors were more scared than ever.

"Oh, my Captain!" cried Pedro, Columbus' cabin boy. "The sky is falling down upon us!"

Columbus calmed the boy and explained to him that what they saw was a meteor that had fallen. Sometimes these meteors were called shooting stars, he said, and once in a great while they fell from the space above.

In order to get the minds of his men off their fears, Columbus called the ships together, and told them all of the reward promised them by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

The first man to discover land was to be given 10,000 maravedis. This amount of

money would be paid not just once, but for every year of his life by the Spanish rulers. Besides this award, Admiral Columbus promised to give the first man to see land a fine embroidered velvet coat such as Spanish noblemen wore.

All the men then forgot their fright for awhile and began to watch eagerly for land.

It wasn't long, however, before something else happened to arouse the fears of the men. Far ahead of them, one day, they saw the sea was covered with green grass.

"Land! Land!" they first cried joyfully.

Then to their disappointment, they saw it was not land, but tufts of short grass growing on top of the water. "The ships cannot sail through this sea of grass," they said. "The captain must sail around it."

Even Captain Martin Pinzon himself became alarmed. He left his ship and rowed over in a small boat to talk with the Admiral about it. "Aren't you afraid our ships may get caught in this great sea of grass?" he asked Columbus.

"No, indeed, Captain Pinzon," replied the Admiral. "Years ago, an old Portuguese sailor told me that he had read about this grassy part of the ocean. This green plant he told me is called gulfweed. It has no roots but floats on the surface of the water, held up by tiny air sacs. There is no danger. We can sail straight through it."

Columbus was right. He led the Santa Maria with the other boats following straight through the grassy sea and in a few days they sailed out of it, and were once more on the open blue ocean.

As the days went slowly by, the men grew more impatient and tired of the long voyage. One day Pedro whispered a warning to his master, "My Captain, have a care! The men are plotting to throw you into the Ocean Sea, and sail back to Spain." But Columbus did not let this stop him, for he was determined to reach his goal.

Finally, Captain Martin Pinzon and his brother came from their ships to the Santa Maria to urge Columbus to give up and return to Spain. "Our crews refuse to sail

farther west," warned Captain Martin sadly.

Columbus thought quickly before he answered, "Give me just 3 more days. If we do not reach land within that time, I promise we shall all return to Spain. Let me have just 3 more days."

Cheered by this promise of Columbus, every man watched every minute for land. On October 10 no land was seen. And none on October 11. Then on October 12, long before daylight, Rodrigo de Triana, the lookout on the Pinta, spotted a dark strip of land far on the horizon. "Tierra! tierra!" (Land! land!) he called. At once Captain Martin Pinzon ordered a cannon fired, the signal agreed on if land were seen.

The three ships quickly came up close together. The men began singing a hymn of thanksgiving. Then they danced with joy on the decks. On the Santa Maria some of the men ran straight to Columbus, knelt down, and thanked him for bringing them through the hard voyage safely.

Columbus cried aloud in his excitement, "We have found the Indies! My dream of years has come true!"

Daylight showed them that the land they had reached was an island. The three ships soon anchored in a bay of clear blue water near a beach of white coral sand. The officers were rowed ashore in the small boats.

Columbus was the first to land. He was dressed in a suit of silver armor, his admiral's

cape of scarlet velvet embroidered in gold thrown over his shoulders. He carried the royal banner of Spain.

The officers of the other ships wore their best clothes, and each one carried the royal white banners which bore the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella, their crowns and a cross embroidered in green.

Tears streamed down Columbus' face as he knelt, kissed the sand, and prayed aloud. The officers knelt beside him. Then they all rose to their feet, while Columbus said in a loud voice: "I name this island San Salvador, and I take it and all the islands and lands about it, in the name of my patron, Queen Isabella and her kingdom of Castille."

The natives then came up to the white men. They had been hiding behind the trees and rocks. They were of a light brown color and wore no clothing. They were friendly and gentle and stroked the clothing and the beards of the Spaniards.

The Admiral, believing that they had landed on an island of India, called the natives Indians. He gave them gifts of tiny bells, strings of glass beads, and little red caps. The natives gave the white men food, gay colored parrots, small nose ornaments, skeins of white cotton thread, and hammocks woven from the thread.

This was the first Columbus Day in the new world which Columbus had found and claimed for Spain. [THE END]

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### **How Much Do You Know About Columbus?**

Quiz by Ellen E. Morrison

*(Underline the correct choice, then check with answers on page 25)*

- (1) How many ships did Columbus have? (a) two; (b) five; (c) three.
- (2) One of Columbus' ships was the (a) Mayflower; (b) Pinta; (c) Santa Rosa.
- (3) Columbus was born in (a) Italy; (b) Spain; (c) France.
- (4) Columbus' voyage to America was sponsored by (a) Portugal; (b) Italy; (c) Spain.
- (5) On his voyage of discovery, Columbus reached America in (a) 10 weeks; (b) 6 months; (c) 3 weeks.
- (6) When Columbus went on his voyage, he was trying to (a) find adventure; (b) discover a new continent; (c) reach Asia by sailing west.

# Children's Code

*This code of conduct was written by pupils  
of Shepherd School, Washington, D.C.*

**WE**, the children of Shepherd School, in order to become better citizens and to show our appreciation for our many privileges, set up for ourselves the following responsibilities:

- [ 1 ] Do my best at all times.
- [ 2 ] Listen courteously and learn all I can.
- [ 3 ] Be courteous at all times.
- [ 4 ] Keep my mind and body healthy and clean.
- [ 5 ] Be prompt and use my time wisely.
- [ 6 ] Be trustworthy in little things as well as in big things.
- [ 7 ] Be cheerful and help others to be happy.
- [ 8 ] Play fairly and honestly and with good sportsmanship.
- [ 9 ] Share willingly and generously with those in need.
- [ 10 ] Treat others as I would like to be treated.
- [ 11 ] Help others by fulfilling my responsibilities faithfully.
- [ 12 ] Respect my parents, teachers, patrols, and the many other people who help me.
- [ 13 ] Obey the rules of my home, my school, my city, and the United States of America.
- [ 14 ] Take good care of the property of others, as well as my own.
- [ 15 ] Keep my home, school, and community beautiful.
- [ 16 ] Settle differences peacefully by talking them over.
- [ 17 ] Remember to be forgiving and that I may not always be right.
- [ 18 ] Live up to the promises that I make when I pledge allegiance to my flag.
- [ 19 ] Follow my religion faithfully and respect the beliefs of others.
- [ 20 ] Do all the good things I know a citizen should do every day so that I may become a finer and better person.

*These are the qualities I should have to be a good citizen of the United States of America.*



Illustrated by D. Wilson



GERMANY—"See what I found!" Girls in a refugee camp explore contents of a gift box from American Junior Red Cross. ↑

INDIA—"Um, it's good," say children as they drink milk purchased for famine areas by American Red Cross Children's Fund. ↓



## Modern

Boys and girls in Junior Red Cross are modern Columbus-es. Their gifts go to far places of the world on voyages of discovery, taking with them messages of good will and friendship. On these pages are shown some of the children in other lands who have discovered the friendliness of the American Junior Red Cross members through the gifts they have received.

JORDAN—Gift boxes make Christmas happier for boys and girls in Amman. ↓





# Columbus-es



← **BELGIUM**—Pupils put on a program to celebrate receiving gift boxes from far-away America.

Foto Castellanos

**SAN SALVADOR**—Pupils get their picture taken with AJRC gift boxes.



**SOUTH AMERICA**—Gift boxes from the United States are given to Colombian JRC members by their national director, Mrs. Blanca Marti (right).





# PEDRO

## the donkey



**JACKIE TIPTON**  
Central School  
Rock Hill, S. C.

*When Jackie saw the April 1954 NEWS cover (above), she sat right down and wrote this little story about what she thought the donkey and hawk were saying to each other.*

**O**H, WHAT should he do! Pedro the donkey was lost. Just the other day he and his little master, Pablo, had ridden up and down the hills and had played together in the long grass of the open plain. Now the little brown donkey was lost far up in the hills.

He had wandered off from his home in search of green grass and water. To his disappointment he had found nothing but rocks and a few green shrubs. When he turned to go, he found that he did not know how to get down. Now there he was, all alone in the hills.

Pedro walked over to the edge of the mountain. He thought maybe he could see the way down from there. But he could see nothing but the rocks below.

He sat down and started to cry. Pedro was a brave little donkey, but the thought of never seeing his little master again brought the tears.

Suddenly he heard a noise from down in the canyon. He looked down.

"A hawk!" he exclaimed.

The hawk heard him and landed on a rock jutting out of the side of the cliff. He looked up.

"A donkey!" the hawk exclaimed.

The hawk flew up to where the donkey stood.

"Hello," they both said at the same time.

"What are you doing way up here in the hills?" asked the hawk.

"I'm lost," replied the donkey.

"Where do you live," asked the hawk, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Pedro and I live with my young master on the great plain in a big house," replied Pedro.

"Glad to meet you, Pedro. My name is Henry, Henry Hawk. I know the way to the great plain."

"Oh! Would you take me there?" cried Pedro.

"Sure, come on," said the hawk.

So Henry led Pedro home.

When the donkey and the hawk finally arrived at Pedro's master's big house, Pablo ran out to meet them.

"Pedro! Pedro! I have been so worried about you. I am glad you have come home," said Pablo, lovingly patting Pedro. Then he noticed the hawk.

"So, Pedro. You have found yourself a friend," he said. "Then he will be my friend, too. He can live with you in your barn."

To this day Pedro and Henry are the best of friends. They often go with Pablo up to the hills and play.

You may be sure Pedro has never gotten lost again, for now he knows the hills as well as Henry. He is taking no chances.

# Tommy's Tool Chest

by RUTH EVERDING LIBBEY

A read-aloud story  
for little folks . . .

**TOMMY** LIKED to play that he was a carpenter. He had a new tool chest. In the chest there was a hammer, a screwdriver, a pair of pliers, and a shiny new saw.

"Mother, may I go out and look for some carpenter jobs?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, Tommy. You may walk down the village road as far as where Grandma Green lives. You may have lunch with her and spend the afternoon there."

Tommy tied on his tan canvas carpenter's apron. There was a long flat black pencil in the pencil pocket. A yellow folding rule was in the rule pocket, and eleven nails in another pocket.

He put his new tool chest in his blue wheelbarrow and off he started.



With his folding rule, Tommy  
measured Gray Cat for a new bed.

Illustrated by  
Victor Voshi



Tommy loved to play  
with his new tool chest.

Tommy stopped at the first house. "Good morning, Mrs. Black. Have you any jobs for a carpenter?" he asked.

"Why yes, Tommy. There are two loose shingles on Black Dog's house," she said. "I was hoping a carpenter would come along."

Tommy opened his new tool chest and took out his hammer. He stood on a big box. As he nailed down the shingles he sang a happy song:

"Thump-ity, thump-ity, pound!  
What a nice bump-ity sound."

Mrs. Black thanked him and gave him two sugary black gumdrops in a sparkly cellophane bag.

Tommy put the bag in a corner of his tool chest. Then he pushed his blue wheelbarrow on to the next house.

Mrs. White was just coming out the side door of her square white house.

Tommy waved and called "Hi-ho! Mrs.

White!" Have you any jobs for a carpenter this morning?"

"I'm so glad you came, Tommy," she called back. "Three screws are loose in the door of White Rabbit's hutch."

Tommy opened his new tool chest and took out his screwdriver. He sang a happy song as he twirled each screw:

**"Hi-ho! Hi-ho! Hi-ho!**

**Around, a-round, you go!"**

Mrs. White thanked him and gave him three puffy white marshmallows.

Tommy opened his new tool chest and took out his pliers. As he pulled the crooked wire this way and that with his pliers, he sang a happy song:

**"A-pull-ity, pull-ity, twist!**

**This carpenter has a strong wrist."**

Mrs. Brown held the gate open while Tommy shooed the four fat brown hens back in their yard.

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Brown as she gave him four brown cookies with brown raisins peeking through.



Tommy took his tool chest and went looking for business.

Tommy put them in the sparkly bag with the black gumdrops. Then he pushed his blue wheelbarrow on to the next house.

Mrs. Brown was standing on the porch of her tall brown house.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown!" called Tommy. Have you any jobs for a carpenter today?"

"Yes, Tommy. Four brown hens got out of their chicken yard. I hope you can mend the hole in the wire fence."

Tommy put the cookies in the sparkly bag with the black gumdrops and white marshmallows. Then he pushed his blue wheelbarrow on to the next house.

Mrs. Gray and Gray Cat were sitting in the sun out by the woodpile.

"Hello! Mrs. Gray!" called Tommy as Gray Cat came down the path to meet him. "Do you have any jobs for a carpenter today?"

"Yes, Tommy. Gray Cat has outgrown his



basket. He needs a bed. Would you measure him and draw a picture of a cat-bed for me? Then I'll get some lumber at the lumberyard. Some day when you are not too busy I'd like to have you make a bed for him."

Tommy took the folding rule out of his rule pocket and measured Gray Cat. Then he took his long flat black pencil out of his pencil pocket and drew a picture as he sang a happy song:

**"Scrunch-ity, scrunch-ity, scrunch!**

**Time for a carpenter's lunch."**

Mrs. Gray said, "I know Gray Cat will be very cozy in such a beautiful bed. Where are you going now, Tommy?"

"I'm on my way to Grandma Green's. I am going to have lunch with her."

"Here are five little gray logs for her fireplace," said Mrs. Gray. "If they are too long perhaps you could saw them in half."

Tommy put the five gray logs in his wheelbarrow. He put his new tool chest on top of them. Then he went on to Grandma Green's house.

"Oh, Tommy," laughed Grandma Green as she wiped her hands on her green apron. "I was wishing I had some logs for the fireplace. How nice of you to bring them."

"I think they are too long," said Tommy, "so I'll saw them in half for you." He opened

his new tool chest and took out his shiny new saw. As he sawed the little gray logs he sang a happy song:

**"Zee-zaw, zee-e-e!**

**Buzz-zee, bee!**

**Zee-zaw, zee-e-e!**

**Bizz-zee ME!"**

After he had finished Tommy carried the gray logs inside and stacked them near the fireplace. He washed his face and hands. Then he took a plate and went out to his new tool chest for the goodies in the sparkly bag.

Grandma Green put some of the gray logs on the crackly fire. Then she and Tommy ate their lunch on a card table in front of it.

First they had chopped egg sandwiches and hot chocolate. Next they ate the brown raisin cookies with lemon jello. Then they each slowly nibbled a sugary black gumdrop. And then Tommy roasted the puffy white marshmallows in some glowing coals.

"I'm so glad I have a tool chest. This is the very nicest day a carpenter ever had," smiled Tommy as he watched a little gray log begin to crumble into soft gray ashes.



As he sawed the little gray logs, Tommy sang a happy song.

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## Halloween

*By Nona Keen Duffy*

Goblins with their  
Twisted faces  
Lurk in all  
The hidden places.

Witches  
Of a monstrous size  
Peer at us  
With hollow eyes.

Everywhere,  
In grinning row,  
Jack-o-lantern  
Faces show!

Let's go out  
Beside the gate,  
And watch the things  
Until it's late!

# *Stop that Fire before it Starts!*

**October 3-9 has been proclaimed by President Eisenhower as Fire Prevention Week. Here are some ways you can help to cut the nation's heavy fire losses . . .**

ILLUSTRATED BY DAGMAR WILSON

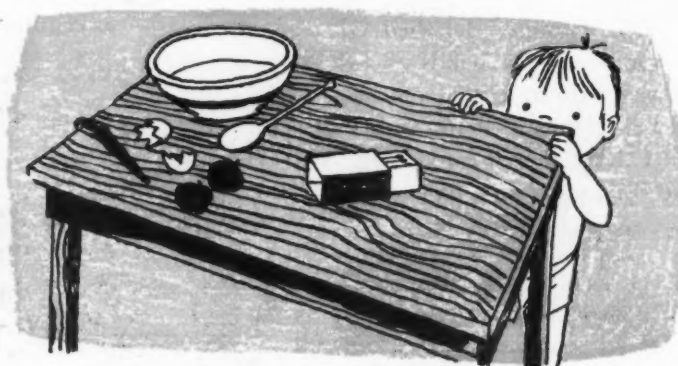
## **IN YOUR HALLOWEEN FUN—**

Use a flashlight in your jack-o-lantern instead of a lighted candle.



## **IN THE KITCHEN—**

Ask mother if she is using safety matches. Make sure all matches are kept out of reach of baby brother and sister.



## **IN THE BASEMENT—**

See that there are no papers or boxes that burn easily stored near the furnace.



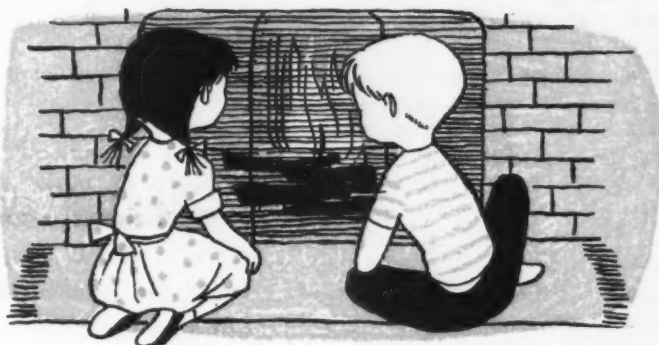
### **IN THE GARAGE—**

Make sure that oily rags and rubbish do not pile up. Help dad clean up regularly. Keep rags in a covered metal container.



### **IN THE LIVING ROOM—**

If you have a fireplace, it should have a well-fitted screen that is really used.



### **IN THE YARD—**

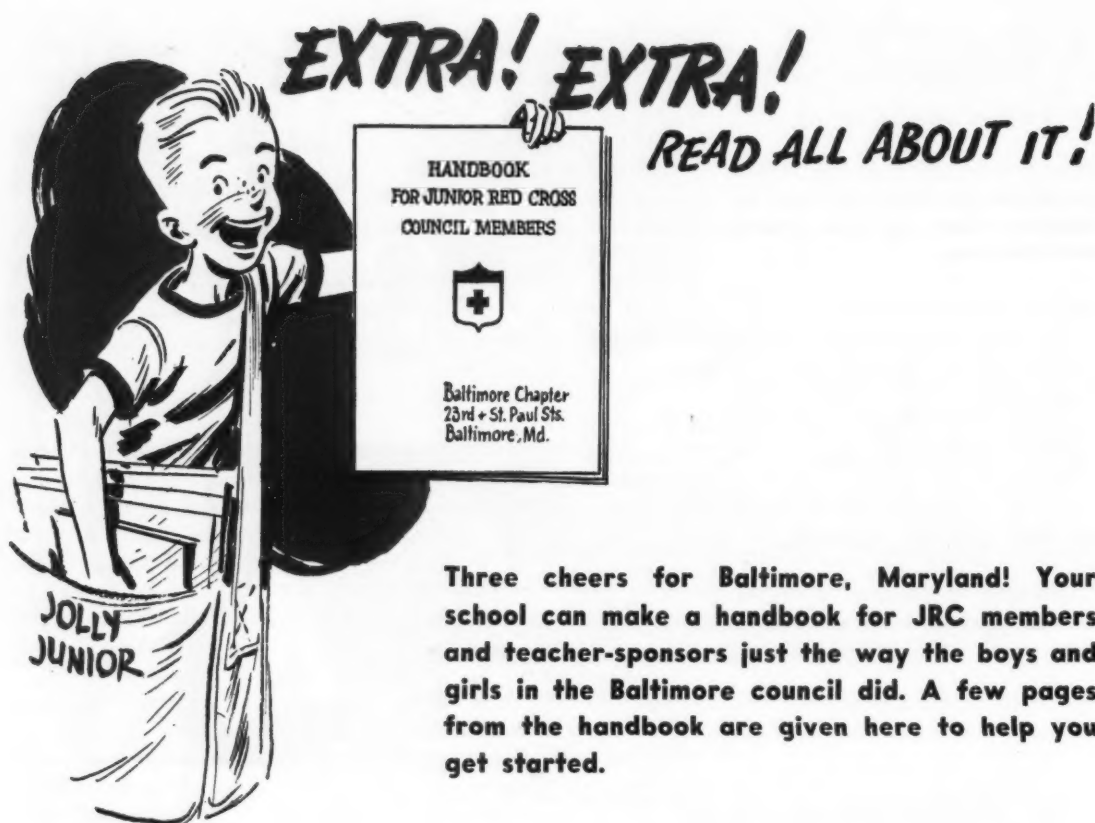
When dad burns leaves, be sure he has plenty of water on hand—and stay away from the fire yourself. If mother burns rubbish, she should use a metal covered trash-burner.



### **IN CASE OF FIRE—**

Be sure you know how to report a fire by phone or at the nearest fire box. If you don't know, your fireman can show you.





Three cheers for Baltimore, Maryland! Your school can make a handbook for JRC members and teacher-sponsors just the way the boys and girls in the Baltimore council did. A few pages from the handbook are given here to help you get started.

### TO NEW MEMBERS

We are happy that you have been selected to represent your school on one of the chapter-wide Junior Red Cross Councils. Welcome and best wishes!

Do you feel confused? We were when we were new members. That is why we, the members of the Baltimore Junior Red Cross Coordinating Council, thought we could best pass on our JRC experiences by preparing this handbook for you. (The Coordinating Council is composed of the officers of the six chapter-wide JRC councils in the Baltimore Chapter.)

#### What is your job?

- (1) To attend council meetings regularly.
- (2) To take an *active* part in meetings.
- (3) To give a report of each meeting to your JRC teacher-sponsor and your school council. It will help if you bring a notebook and pencil to all meetings to take notes.
- (4) To help your teacher-sponsor promote JRC activities at your school.

### WHAT IS JUNIOR RED CROSS?

The American Junior Red Cross is the section of Red Cross for pupils in schools. It helps other

people in our school, our city, the United States, and in countries all over the world.

Boys and girls in all the schools may become members in November, by giving what money they can and receiving the Junior Red Cross pin. If a person cannot give any money, but would like to become a member of Junior Red Cross, he may do so by working in its activities.

#### Teacher-Sponsors

A teacher-sponsor is the teacher in charge of all JRC activities in the school. He must be able to interpret the Junior Red Cross program to all teachers and pupils.

#### School Councils

Elementary and secondary school students have an opportunity to learn leadership through the JRC councils in their schools. A JRC school council should be made up of two members from each classroom or homeroom. At the beginning of the school year officers are elected, and a schedule of activities for the school year is made.

#### Chapter-wide Councils

The chapter-wide council has the same significance as that of the school councils. At least one or



two persons from each school in Baltimore City and County should be selected to represent their school at monthly meetings of the chapter-wide councils.

### A TYPICAL MEETING

Our JRC chapter-wide council meeting is composed of representatives from many schools in the Baltimore Chapter. The meetings, which last about an hour, are usually held once a month after school at Red Cross headquarters.

Each council usually has four officers: president, vice-president, and two secretaries. The officers plan and conduct the meetings with the assistance of an adult leader.

Although we follow the rules of parliamentary procedure, the meetings are conducted on an informal basis.

This is an outline of a typical JRC council meeting.

- (1) Meeting called to order by the president.
- (2) Pledge to the United States flag; recital of the JRC Declaration of Principles.
- (3) Reading of minutes by the secretary and approval.
- (4) Report of committees.
- (5) Old business:
  - (a) Ask for report of the JRC Enrollment campaign.
  - (b) Tell about Halloween and Thanksgiving JRC activities at your school.
  - (c) How can your school best use the JRC NEWS or JOURNAL?
- (6) New business—gift boxes:
  - (a) What is a gift box? Where is it sent?
  - (b) How many pupils helped fill them last year?
  - (c) What goes in a gift box?
  - (d) What should *not* be put in a box?
  - (e) Inspection of gift boxes. (Distribute one box to every two people, then ask for reports on whether their boxes were good or poor.)
- (7) Election of officers:
  - (a) Review qualities of a good leader.
  - (b) Elections.
- (8) Next meeting.
- (9) Adjournment by the president.

### JUNIOR RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

The Junior Red Cross has many and varied activities. Some of these are:

#### (1) Helping Children Overseas

(Under this heading the handbook gives helpful tips on gift boxes, school chests, albums, international school art and music programs, American Red Cross Children's Fund.)

#### (2) Helping People in Baltimore

(This section tells how JRC members provide comfort articles, holiday favors, and entertainment for many types of institutions, such as orphanages, old folks homes, veterans, army, navy, mental, and regular hospitals.)

#### (3) Enrolling in Junior Red Cross

To enroll in Junior Red Cross is to become a member. Anyone in a private, public, or parochial school may become a member during November. During this period you bring your pennies, nickels, and dimes to your classroom and put them into a JRC enrollment bank or wherever the money is to be kept. To get the money you should sacrifice a piece of gum, candy, etc., so that *you* donate the money to enroll. Do not ask your parents for the money unless there are ways you can earn it by helping them.

The money is used in three ways: (1) to enroll in Junior Red Cross and to get the JRC magazine, (2) to make a contribution to the American Red Cross Children's Fund, and (3) to purchase supplies for local activities.

The AJRC NEWS is a magazine published monthly for boys and girls in elementary schools. It tells you of JRC projects other schools are working on, and it has interesting stories for the children to read. The JOURNAL is published for high-school students.

(A calendar of activities for each month is then given in the handbook; also information on how members may get training for JRC work through chapter and area training centers.)

The handbook was written by the following members of the JRC Coordinating Council:

Sharon Esposito  
Frances Kosnick  
Maxine Levy  
Duane Marshall  
Portia Smith

Gail Swan  
Toba Ulman  
Anne Wiley  
Sondra Cohen  
Charles Cullen

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

#### Jack-o-lantern, page 7

Across: (1) to; (3) my; (5) line; (6) need; (7) a; (8) I; (9) she; (12) had; (13) Halloween.

Down: (1) tin; (2) on; (3) me; (4) yes; (9) sh; (10) halo; (11) Ed.

#### Columbus, page 14

(1) c; (2) b; (3) a; (4) c; (5) a; (6) c.

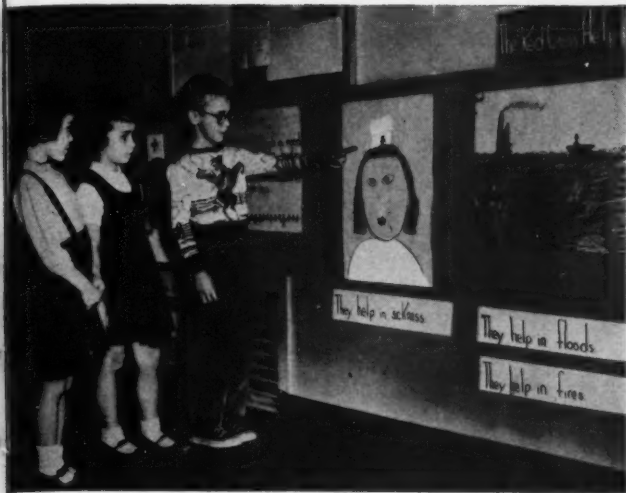


Erie Dispatch Photo

ERIE, PA.—Janet Sayles pins AJRC badge on Paul Moran.

## *Enroll for Service*

Boys and girls in schools all over the United States are making plans now for enrolling for the new year as junior members of the American Red Cross. On these pages are shown a few of the ways they go about telling others the Red Cross story and how all can help by enrolling for service to others.



◀ **BUFFALO, N.Y.**—JRC-ers of School 82 Annex admire enrollment display.



U.S. Air Force Photo

**MELBOURNE, FLA.** (South Brevard County Chapter)—Pupils in new school at Patrick Air Force Base sign up for service.



Frank R. Gardina

**BALTIMORE, MD.**—"We care, we share," say JRC members in Thomas G. Hayes School, as they put on enrollment assembly program.



Richmond News Leader

◀ **RICHMOND, VA.**—Money for service fund is raised in their own Junior Red Cross store.

# Sing of America

Marcia

Words and Music by  
Beth Milliken Joerger

Sing of A - mer - i - ca Let the heart re - joice,  
Sing of A - mer - i - ca As a light that gleams,

Sing of A - mer - i - ca With a glad - some voice;  
Sing of A - mer - i - ca And her gold - en dreams,

Speak with gra - cious - ness and truth Ever - y - where you go, And  
Tell what free - dom means to all, Tell it joy - ful - ly, Then

as we share our boun - ties, Her name will bright - er glow ...  
ev - er as a bea - con, A - mer - i - ca will be . . . .

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin



